

THE CHARLEROI MAIL

VOL. XIV. NO. 33

CHARLEROI, WASHINGTON CO., PA., FRIDAY, AUGUST 22, 1913

ONE CENT

RINGGOLDS TO MEET IN CHARLEROI NEXT YEAR

Veterans Decide in Favor of Magic City as Place for Gathering--Ninety-five Attend Monessen Reunion

EVENING CAMPFIRE IS A BIG FEATURE

Charleroi will be the scene of next year's reunion of the Ringgold Battalion. This was decided at the business session of the battalion held yesterday afternoon at Monessen. Officers were also elected. Monessen entertained the veterans loyally at their fortieth annual meeting. A parade in the evening at 6 o'clock and a campfire immediately following were features.

Ninety-five survivors of the famous battalion, known officially as the twenty-second Pennsylvania Cavalry, were present for the reunion out of approximately 160 who are still living. Besides the Ringgold men there were 75 members of outside companies registered.

Fifty-four automobiles were used to convey the veterans over the principal streets of the town at the evening parade. The parade was led by Sons of Veterans from Monongahela and the Bille Vernon Rifles on foot. Automobiles were decorated with American flags and the route of parade was made conspicuous by decorations on houses.

Following the parade the campfire was held. H. Dallas McCabe made the address of welcome to the soldiers and it was responded to by Col. A. J. Greenfield, of Chicago, the only surviving regimental officer. Other addresses were made by Joseph A. Bryans of Monongahela, Rev. T. W. Young, of Washington, Harry R. Pore of Monessen, and Rev. M. M. Albeck, of Monongahela. Resolutions were adopted thanking the Monessen people for their hospitality, and calling Monessen the "workshop" of the Monongahela valley.

In accord with the plans for holding the reunion in Charleroi next year a Charleroi man was elected president of the association. This was Samuel R. Crawford. Hopkins Moffitt, of East Pike Run was elected vice president, and Norman C. Brown of Charleroi was appointed secretary. Adam Wickerham was the retiring president of the association.

Eleven members of the Ringgold

CONSTABLE ON TRIAL CHARGED WITH ASSAULT

James Stevenson, constable of Rossco, was tried before Judge McIlvaine Thursday afternoon on a charge of assault and battery, preferred by Andy Digan. The prosecutor claimed that the officer made an unwarranted attack on him and beat him up with his mace. It appears that the prosecutor was standing on the corner on a street in Rossco, waiting for his wife who had gone into a fruit store to make a purchase. At the time Constable Stevenson came along and it is claimed shoved Digan off the walk. Digan resented what had been done and this started the trouble. The officer denied exceeding his authority.

PAVING IS ENTIRELY COMPLETED

Extensive paving work has been completed at North Charleroi by Contractor Thomas Arrige. All the paving he did was on Fourth street from the school building up to Conrad avenue, which is about 1,000 feet or a fifth of a mile. Hillside block was used. Fourth street, now presents a fine appearance. It is a beautiful residence street.

J. C. Sutherland of Washington, candidate for the Republican nomination for recorder, was in Charleroi Thursday looking to the interests of his candidacy.

J. K. Tener, Pres. S. A. Walton, Vice Pres. R. H. Rush, Cashier.

Every Little Economy Rewarded

You will be surprised to see the good effect of saving, when you once acquire the habit of regular bank deposits. Every little economy is rewarded--thus enabling you to increase your surplus.

Your account is cordially invited

Open Saturday Evenings from 8:00 Until 9 O'clock
4 Per cent. Interest Paid on Savings Accounts
Depository for the State of Pennsylvania.



WELL KNOWN MEN ATTEND REUNION

Ringgold Gathering Featured by Presence of Distinguished Ones--One Medal of Honor is Exhibited by Veteran

Some well known men were in Monessen Thursday to attend the annual reunion of the Ringgold Battalion. The only medal of honor at the reunion. It was awarded him for bravely at Moorefield. The medal bears the words: "Medal of honor, the Ringgold 22nd, Pa. Cavalry, for Col. Greenfield and Col. Griffith, Cavalry, for Col. Greenfield, tall and wounded comrade at Moorefield, W. Va., September 11, 1863."

Mr. Slusher attempted to save a Col. Greenfield, tall and wounded comrade at Moorefield, W. Va., September 11, 1863."

Col. Greenfield, tall and wounded comrade at Moorefield, W. Va., September 11, 1863."

Col. Greenfield, tall and wounded comrade at Moorefield, W. Va., September 11, 1863."

Col. Greenfield, tall and wounded comrade at Moorefield, W. Va., September 11, 1863."

Col. Greenfield, tall and wounded comrade at Moorefield, W. Va., September 11, 1863."

Col. Greenfield, tall and wounded comrade at Moorefield, W. Va., September 11, 1863."

Col. Greenfield, tall and wounded comrade at Moorefield, W. Va., September 11, 1863."

Col. Greenfield, tall and wounded comrade at Moorefield, W. Va., September 11, 1863."

Col. Greenfield, tall and wounded comrade at Moorefield, W. Va., September 11, 1863."

Col. Greenfield, tall and wounded comrade at Moorefield, W. Va., September 11, 1863."

Col. Greenfield, tall and wounded comrade at Moorefield, W. Va., September 11, 1863."

Col. Greenfield, tall and wounded comrade at Moorefield, W. Va., September 11, 1863."

Col. Greenfield, tall and wounded comrade at Moorefield, W. Va., September 11, 1863."

Col. Greenfield, tall and wounded comrade at Moorefield, W. Va., September 11, 1863."

Col. Greenfield, tall and wounded comrade at Moorefield, W. Va., September 11, 1863."

Col. Greenfield, tall and wounded comrade at Moorefield, W. Va., September 11, 1863."

Col. Greenfield, tall and wounded comrade at Moorefield, W. Va., September 11, 1863."

Col. Greenfield, tall and wounded comrade at Moorefield, W. Va., September 11, 1863."

Col. Greenfield, tall and wounded comrade at Moorefield, W. Va., September 11, 1863."

Col. Greenfield, tall and wounded comrade at Moorefield, W. Va., September 11, 1863."

Col. Greenfield, tall and wounded comrade at Moorefield, W. Va., September 11, 1863."

Col. Greenfield, tall and wounded comrade at Moorefield, W. Va., September 11, 1863."

Col. Greenfield, tall and wounded comrade at Moorefield, W. Va., September 11, 1863."

Col. Greenfield, tall and wounded comrade at Moorefield, W. Va., September 11, 1863."

Col. Greenfield, tall and wounded comrade at Moorefield, W. Va., September 11, 1863."

Col. Greenfield, tall and wounded comrade at Moorefield, W. Va., September 11, 1863."

Col. Greenfield, tall and wounded comrade at Moorefield, W. Va., September 11, 1863."

Col. Greenfield, tall and wounded comrade at Moorefield, W. Va., September 11, 1863."

Col. Greenfield, tall and wounded comrade at Moorefield, W. Va., September 11, 1863."

Col. Greenfield, tall and wounded comrade at Moorefield, W. Va., September 11, 1863."

Col. Greenfield, tall and wounded comrade at Moorefield, W. Va., September 11, 1863."

Col. Greenfield, tall and wounded comrade at Moorefield, W. Va., September 11, 1863."

Col. Greenfield, tall and wounded comrade at Moorefield, W. Va., September 11, 1863."

Col. Greenfield, tall and wounded comrade at Moorefield, W. Va., September 11, 1863."

Col. Greenfield, tall and wounded comrade at Moorefield, W. Va., September 11, 1863."

Col. Greenfield, tall and wounded comrade at Moorefield, W. Va., September 11, 1863."

Col. Greenfield, tall and wounded comrade at Moorefield, W. Va., September 11, 1863."

Col. Greenfield, tall and wounded comrade at Moorefield, W. Va., September 11, 1863."

Col. Greenfield, tall and wounded comrade at Moorefield, W. Va., September 11, 1863."

Col. Greenfield, tall and wounded comrade at Moorefield, W. Va., September 11, 1863."

Col. Greenfield, tall and wounded comrade at Moorefield, W. Va., September 11, 1863."

Col. Greenfield, tall and wounded comrade at Moorefield, W. Va., September 11, 1863."

Col. Greenfield, tall and wounded comrade at Moorefield, W. Va., September 11, 1863."

Col. Greenfield, tall and wounded comrade at Moorefield, W. Va., September 11, 1863."

Col. Greenfield, tall and wounded comrade at Moorefield, W. Va., September 11, 1863."

Col. Greenfield, tall and wounded comrade at Moorefield, W. Va., September 11, 1863."

Col. Greenfield, tall and wounded comrade at Moorefield, W. Va., September 11, 1863."

Col. Greenfield, tall and wounded comrade at Moorefield, W. Va., September 11, 1863."

Col. Greenfield, tall and wounded comrade at Moorefield, W. Va., September 11, 1863."

Col. Greenfield, tall and wounded comrade at Moorefield, W. Va., September 11, 1863."

Col. Greenfield, tall and wounded comrade at Moorefield, W. Va., September 11, 1863."

Col. Greenfield, tall and wounded comrade at Moorefield, W. Va., September 11, 1863."

Col. Greenfield, tall and wounded comrade at Moorefield, W. Va., September 11, 1863."

Col. Greenfield, tall and wounded comrade at Moorefield, W. Va., September 11, 1863."

Col. Greenfield, tall and wounded comrade at Moorefield, W. Va., September 11, 1863."

Col. Greenfield, tall and wounded comrade at Moorefield, W. Va., September 11, 1863."

Col. Greenfield, tall and wounded comrade at Moorefield, W. Va., September 11, 1863."

Col. Greenfield, tall and wounded comrade at Moorefield, W. Va., September 11, 1863."

Col. Greenfield, tall and wounded comrade at Moorefield, W. Va., September 11, 1863."

Col. Greenfield, tall and wounded comrade at Moorefield, W. Va., September 11, 1863."

Col. Greenfield, tall and wounded comrade at Moorefield, W. Va., September 11, 1863."

Col. Greenfield, tall and wounded comrade at Moorefield, W. Va., September 11, 1863."

Col. Greenfield, tall and wounded comrade at Moorefield, W. Va., September 11, 1863."

Col. Greenfield, tall and wounded comrade at Moorefield, W. Va., September 11, 1863."

Col. Greenfield, tall and wounded comrade at Moorefield, W. Va., September 11, 1863."

Col. Greenfield, tall and wounded comrade at Moorefield, W. Va., September 11, 1863."

Col. Greenfield, tall and wounded comrade at Moorefield, W. Va., September 11, 1863."

Col. Greenfield, tall and wounded comrade at Moorefield, W. Va., September 11, 1863."

Col. Greenfield, tall and wounded comrade at Moorefield, W. Va., September 11, 1863."

Col. Greenfield, tall and wounded comrade at Moorefield, W. Va., September 11, 1863."

Col. Greenfield, tall and wounded comrade at Moorefield, W. Va., September 11, 1863."

Col. Greenfield, tall and wounded comrade at Moorefield, W. Va., September 11, 1863."

Col. Greenfield, tall and wounded comrade at Moorefield, W. Va., September 11, 1863."

Col. Greenfield, tall and wounded comrade at Moorefield, W. Va., September 11, 1863."

Col. Greenfield, tall and wounded comrade at Moorefield, W. Va., September 11, 1863."

Col. Greenfield, tall and wounded comrade at Moorefield, W. Va., September 11, 1863."

Col. Greenfield, tall and wounded comrade at Moorefield, W. Va., September 11, 1863."

Col. Greenfield, tall and wounded comrade at Moorefield, W. Va., September 11, 1863."

Col. Greenfield, tall and wounded comrade at Moorefield, W. Va., September 11, 1863."

Col. Greenfield, tall and wounded comrade at Moorefield, W. Va., September 11, 1863."

Col. Greenfield, tall and wounded comrade at Moorefield, W. Va., September 11, 1863."

Col. Greenfield, tall and wounded comrade at Moorefield, W. Va., September 11, 1863."

Col. Greenfield, tall and wounded comrade at Moorefield, W. Va., September 11, 1863."

Col. Greenfield, tall and wounded comrade at Moorefield, W. Va., September 11, 1863."

Col. Greenfield, tall and wounded comrade at Moorefield, W. Va., September 11, 1863."

Col. Greenfield, tall and wounded comrade at Moorefield, W. Va., September 11, 1863."

Col. Greenfield, tall and wounded comrade at Moorefield, W. Va., September 11, 1863."

Col. Greenfield, tall and wounded comrade at Moorefield, W. Va., September 11, 1863."

Col. Greenfield, tall and wounded comrade at Moorefield, W. Va., September 11, 1863."

Col. Greenfield, tall and wounded comrade at Moorefield, W. Va., September 11, 1863."

Col. Greenfield, tall and wounded comrade at Moorefield, W. Va., September 11, 1863."

Col. Greenfield, tall and wounded comrade at Moorefield, W. Va., September 11, 1863."

Col. Greenfield, tall and wounded comrade at Moorefield, W. Va., September 11, 1863."

The Charleroi Mail

A Republican Newspaper

Published Daily Except Sunday by

MAIL PUBLISHING CO.

(Incorporated)

Mail Building, Fifth Street
CHARLEROI, PA.

R. C. Niver, Pres. & Managing Editor
Harry E. Price, Business Manager
S. W. Sharpnack, Secy. and Treas.
Floyd Chalfant, City Editor
Entered in the Post Office at Charleroi, Pa., as second class matter.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Three Months75
One Year \$3.00
Six Months \$1.50
Subscriptions payable in advance.

Delivered by carrier in Charleroi at six cents per week.

Communications of public interest are always welcome, but as an evidence of good faith and not necessarily for publication, must invariably bear the author's signature.

TELEPHONES

Bell—76 Charleroi—76

Member of the Monongahela Valley Press Association.

ADVERTISING RATES

DISPLAY—Fifteen cents per inch, first insertion. Rates for large space contracts made known on application.

READING NOTICES—Such as business locals, notices of meetings, resolutions of respect, card of thanks etc., 5 cents per line.

LEGAL NOTICES—Legal, official, and similar advertising including that in settlement of estates, public sales, live stock, etc., notices, notices to teachers, 10 cents per line, first insertion, 5 cents a line each additional insertion.

LOCAL AGENCIES

C. S. Might Charleroi
C. F. Hixenbaugh Belle Vernon

THE ART OF HAPPINESS

Writing in an issue of a recently published magazine Mrs. Havelock Ellis tells us in effect that the millennium is at hand. She discovers that "the poor, ignorant human who fancies that happiness consists in piling up gold or wasting it, is today enduring a crucifixion of fear and insecurity."

"The trend of the age is against his short-sighted ideas of happiness," continues Mrs. Ellis. "As it is now almost a disgrace to be ill, it will soon be a disgrace to be rich or unhappy, because today the only truly happy folk are those who do not care about a happiness which implies only comfort, gain, rest or peace for themselves."

While it is undoubtedly true that these conditions will prevail when the world attains the perfection and beatitude which to mark the end of development, to see no indication that the halcyon day has arrived. Mrs. Ellis has perceived a fact clearly, but she has made no revelations. The same thought was emphasized by Christ and even by some of the pagan

The True Source of Beauty

is, and must be, good health. Sallow skin and face blemishes are usually caused by the presence of impurities in the blood—impurities which also cause headache, backache, languor, nervousness and depression of spirits. If, at times, when there is need you will use

BEECHAM'S PILLS

you will find yourself better in every way. With purified blood, you will improve digestion, sleep more restfully and your nerves will be quieter. You will recover the charm of sparkling eyes, a spotless complexion, rosy lips and vivacious spirits. Good for all the family, Beecham's Pills especially

Help Women To Good Health

Sold everywhere. In boxes, 10c, 25c.

The largest sale of any medicine. The directions with every box point the way to good health.

philosophers who antedated him by hundreds of years. "The poor ignorant human who fancies that happiness consists in piling up gold or wasting it" has always endured a crucifixion of fear and insecurity."

The head that wears the crown, either of authority or of fortune, has rested uneasily from the beginning of time.

And when Mrs. Ellis tells us that the trend of the age is against the pursuit of riches as a medium of happiness, we wonder what has paralleled her powers of observation.

Though we are all well aware, as we

have been for many centuries, that

money cannot bring happiness, we are

thirsting for it today, working for it,

grasping for it, fighting for it, defining

ourselves for it, piling and wasting it;

as we have never done before in the

of the age.

That it has been "a disgrace to be ill" is news to most of us in this era of fashionable formations and high-priced nerve specialists and if there are any indications that the comfort and luxury and show of fortune are to be eschewed in the future, Mrs. Ellis alone has discerned them.

Where is the woman who can be happy with one gown whose neighbor has two? Where is the housekeeper who is not straining every nerve to "Keep up with Lizzie"? Where is the man who does not smoke better cigars than he can afford because men who can afford it smoke better ones?

Where is there a competition so continuous and so keen as the competition to "keep up appearances?"

Wealth and luxury are still numbered among our Lares and Penates. We speak about them in a different way, perhaps, affecting to belittle them, even while we are panting in the chase; but it is only the deceit of the age. We have our Carnegies, who yearn to die poor, and don't; our Perkinnes and our McCormicks, who weep for the wrongs of the poor, and wrong them more than others who do not weep; our soul-inflamed Coxey, who march at the head of ragged, desperate armies, only to desert them for fashionable turns.

We have cant and hypocrisy on all sides and among all classes, but the pursuit of that happiness which is not happiness is as eager and as foolish as it was in the days of Midas.

There are some things we know, but cannot attain. The beauty of perfect goodness is one of them. They merit of absolute indifference to gold is another.

EDITORIAL

MONUMENTS TO FREEDOM

Any time a reunion of soldiers is impressive, but it is most impressive when participated in by veterans such as gathered at Monessen during the week. It is impressive not to say pitiful and saddening to witness the gathering of the tottering but grim survivors of the awful struggle which meant freedom for a class of human beings whose only fault was in being of another color.

These old soldiers of ours are monuments to our national freedom. The bitterness that once existed between the north and south arising from differences over the question of slavery no longer exists, and the north and the south solidly united is unitedly glad that it is so.

What the people of today can do

for these veterans is perhaps not

much, but they can at least show appreciation of their deeds and rever the memories of their departed. That is what Charleroi must prepare for in the coming reunion of the Ringgold Battalion a year hence.

NAUTICAL TERMS

Terms used about ship are interesting and might in collision be useful. Toward the ship's head is forward (pronounced for'ard). The opposite direction is aft.

Looking forward to the right is starboard; to the left is port. The quarter from which the wind blows is windward; its opposite is leeward (pronounced lo'ard).

A knot is a speed of one sea mile per hour. 6,080 feet. The ship wears a flag; that is the correct term. Passages are gangways.

Bollards are stout pillars round

which run the hawsers—steel wire ropes. The bridge is sacred to the captain and officers.—London Tit-Bits.

PICKED UP IN PASSING

At the Rostraver harvest home picnic held last Saturday in Rostraver township, relates C. B. Copeland, of Charleroi, several good stories were told, among them being one that originated with the famous San Jones, evangelist. An evangelist was conducting services at a certain place. In his discourse one evening he said:

"If there is a perfect man or a perfect woman here, let them stand."

Nobody stood. Of course that met with the evangelist's idea of propriety, so he requested:

"If there is anyone here who ever saw a perfect man or a perfect woman, will they stand up?"

Slowly in the rear part of the room a woman with care-worn features arose. The evangelist was disconcerted, but he managed to ask:

"Well, my good woman, you say you have seen a perfect person. Would you mind telling who it was?"

"Why, yaas," she replied in a thin voice. "I don't know as I mind tellin' ye. It was my husband's first wife."

An attorney representing a woman, charged in juvenile court with neglecting her three children, subpoenaed several character witnesses to show that his client's reputation for the care of her children was good.

A Russian, who has often been in court for neglecting his large family, was called as one of the witnesses. In answer to questions he told the court that he knew the defendant to be a woman of good character who cared for her children.

"Please state to the court," said the deputy prosecutor, in cross-examination, "just how many times you have been arrested and tried in the last year for neglecting your nine children."

"I don't know," was the answer. "Isn't it true that you are under a suspended sentence to the workhouse in that charge now?"

"Yes sir."

"You are waiting now to be tried for neglecting your own nine children and ignoring an order of this court? Your case is next, is it not?"

"Yes sir."

"That is all," said the prosecutor. The woman was found guilty.

ELECTRIC SPARKS

Washington, in paying homage to Pitcher Johnson entirely forgets that it may have to pay more than homage to keep him.

By and by we may expect to find the world moving at so rapidly a pace as to have the winter bargain sales begin in November.

The weather man must certainly be a persevering cuss. He just keeps on predicting rain until it comes.

The woman who learns how to keep a bank account has learned something worth more than sitting on the front porch reading the sixth best seller.

Ain't It Awful

There was a young woman named Jennie. Whose wordly worth totaled a penny; She figured a lot; Dropped the cent in a slot; And saw things as wicked as sinne.

Considering the beautiful baths in Atlantic City hotels it is almost a pity that they built the ocean so close.

Suffering from loss of appetite to a boy is not nearly as serious a thing as suffering from politeness.

At least one good joke has been turned out this year, but the manufacturer has not secured his license yet.

A huge theft of gems is reported at Narragansett Pier. Thing of the good fortune of those who were unable to go.

Love is blind but the neighbors aren't.

A brilliant future is too hard a thing to catch up with.

William H. Berry says politics were played when Gov. Tener cut the Philadelphia port appropriation bill. But then William H. ran for governor once so is not personally responsible for anything he is feeling sore about.

Looking for'ard and to the right is starboard; to the left is port. The quarter from which the wind blows is windward; its opposite is leeward (pronounced lo'ard).

Terms used about ship are interesting and might in collision be useful. Toward the ship's head is forward (pronounced for'ard). The opposite direction is aft.

A knot is a speed of one sea mile per hour. 6,080 feet. The ship wears a flag; that is the correct term. Passages are gangways.

Bollards are stout pillars round

which run the hawsers—steel wire ropes. The bridge is sacred to the captain and officers.—London Tit-Bits.

Read the Mail

THE MAN IN DOUBT

By M. QUAD

Copyright, 1913, by Associated Literary Press.

As I traveled a mountain road of West Virginia I came upon a squatter seated on a log in front of his pole cabin, and after we had given each other good day he asked:

"Bound for the camp meetin' at Cedar Grove, stranger?"

"I hadn't heard there was one there," I replied.

"Yes, and it's a whopper. Powerful lot of prayin' and singin' over that."

"Aren't you interested in it?"

"I ar' and I hain't. I sorter want to go, and then I sorter think I hadn't better. That's the way with the old woman too."

"You think there may be trouble there?"

"Oh, no."

"Too busy with your work?"

"No, stranger. The Lawd arter be at that camp meetin', hadn't he?"

"I should say so."

"And he arter gin us a fair deal if the old woman and me went over?"

"Yes."

"But what I'm afraid of is that he won't."

I looked at him and wondered what he meant, and after a minute he went on:

"Sit down and be to home, and I'll tell you a bit of a story. It happened years ago. Y' see, me and the old woman had a .30 bin havin' chills and fever, shakin' like scared rabbits one day and a-burnin' up the next, and I was almost too weak to lift an ax when a fellar named Abe Brockford set out to humiliat me. He wasn't doin' any braggin' as long as I was able to be about, but when he heard how poorly I was he squared off in front of the cabin one night and shouted:

"Hello there, inside! Am I makin' a mistake in supposin' this to be the residence of Bill Hope?"

"To 'ain't says I as I crawls to the door in my weakness."

"Come out like a man and squar' off at me!" says he.

"I told him I'd been freezin' and burnin' and couldn't fight a rabbit, but that only made him wuss."

"Bill Hope, if yo've got any mercy in yo'r heart come out yere and dance around while I pulverize yo'r bones!"

"It hurt me mighty bad to be talked to that way," said the old man. "But I was helpless about it. All I could do was to shut the doot and fling myself on the bed and cuss and weep. The old woman tried to console me, but the fellar kept his mouth goin' till I was purty nigh crazy. By and by I says to him:

"Do yo' reckon that if I prayed to the Lawd fur strength my prayer would be answered?"

"That's accordin', she answers. What do yo' want the strength fur?"

"To go out and smash Abe Brockford."

"Then yo' won't git it. The Lawd ain't mixin' up in such rows."

"But he might if yo' prayed too."

"But I shan't do it. When the critter arter git tired of taikin' he'll go home."

"I lay quiet for half an hour, but Abe didn't go, and when the old woman sees how bad I was feelin' she says:

"Bill, I'm willin' to try a sort of experiment. It ain't right to bother the Lawd with our troubles, and prayers and fightin' don't go together, but under the circumstances I'll do what I kin."

"All of a sudden I begun to feel stronger, and by the time the old woman had finished I told her that I was all right to go out an' drive Abe into the earth."

"Better not go," she says as she looks troubled.

"Why not?"

"Bekase I'm not sush about it. I prayed hard 'nuff, but I haven't got the feelin' that yo' are gwine out to whop anybody. Sorter feels to me that yo'll git the worst of it."

"It was mighty cur'us about my gitin' strong," mused Bill, "and to this day I can't make it out. Perhaps it was all ownin' to my madness. The old woman hung on fur me not to go, but I put her aside and rushed out. It was a darkish night, but I saw Abe standin' a few feet away and salled fur him. Abe jest hauled off with his right paw and fetched me a swat on the side of the head that put me out of it, and it was daylight befo' I come to and found myself on the bed."

in 2 parts at the Lyric Theatre To-night

AMONG THE

Some **CO-OP** **ITEMS**

at the Following

Very Low Prices

Good size Potatoes, per peck	20c,
per bushel	80c
(Nuf Ced)	
Lecox Soap, 16 for	50c
(About Wholesale Price)	
Granulated Sugar in 25 lbs. bag	\$1.30
(At Cost)	
Matchless Flour, per 49 lbs. sack	\$1.35
(Less than Jobbers Price)	
10c Lipped Jar Gums, 2 doz. for	15c
5c Good Jar Gums, 2 doz. for	5c
(Below Anybody else)	
A Good Valencia Oranges, 2 doz for	25c

THE CO-OPERATIVE STORE
620 FALLOWFIELD AVENUE CHARLEROI, PA.

JUST ARRIVED

The Pictorial Review Fashion Book for Fall 1913.
Price 25c and 10c only when bought with a 15c pattern
We also have received the Monthly Fashion Book of Sep-
tember for free distribution. Call for one.

FRANK RIVA

524 Fall. Ave.
CHARLEROI

two chief roles were played by one man who represented in the different scenes the brothers. In one he depicts the character of a clergyman and the other the clergyman's brother, as the blacksheep. On Thursday a fine western drama, "The Law and the Outlaw," was shown. Chronicling events of daily occurrence and of general interest all over the world, the Pathé Weekly was a feature of Wednesday. Every Wednesday at the Lyric the Pathé pictures are shown, together with a Biograph. Manager Pennman announces that on Saturday a Vitagraph picture, "The Diamond Mystery" will be featured, and that the two big features next week will be

Monday, "Honor Thy Father," a two-reel Cines, and Saturday "Tapped Wires," a two reel Essanay.

Notice to Jurors

In re Special Term of Civil Court.
To all jurors who may be summoned to appear before the Court at a special Term on the first Monday of September, A. D. 1913, Take Notice:

That it is ordered that the said Special Term be continued to commence Monday, November 17th, 1913, at 1 o'clock P. M.

Robert G. Lutton, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Washington, Pa.

August 18th, 1913.

A19-22-26-29-S-2-5

From Corn to Toasties

—a capital evolution

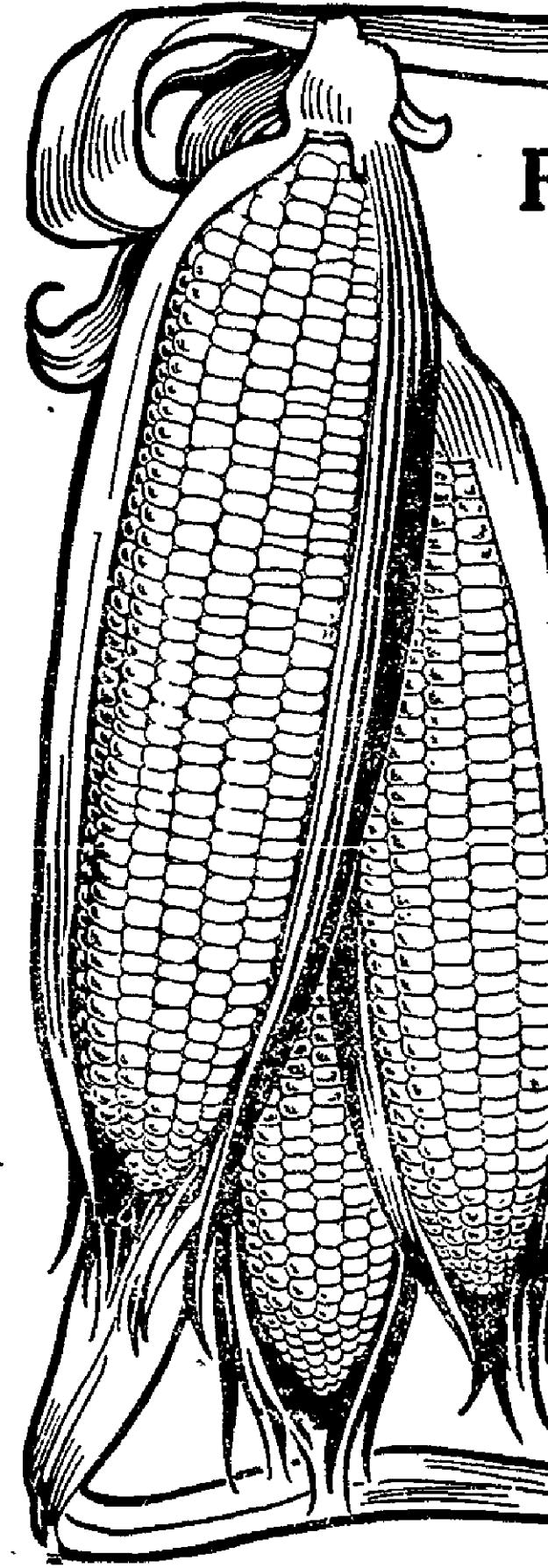
The ripened kernels of pearly white Indian Corn with their succulent goodness, are cooked, then rolled into thin, wafery bits, and toasted to a golden brown.

Add a little cream and sugar—perhaps some fresh berries—and the combination smacks wondrous good.

Post Toasties are untouched by human hand from start to finish of the making, and come to you crisp and sweet—ready to eat from the package. Wholesome, nourishing—a Royal dish for hot days—and all days.

Post Toasties

Sold by Grocers Everywhere



Freckles

Don't Hide Them With a Veil; Remove Them With the Othine Prescription

This prescription for the removal of freckles was written by a prominent physician and is usually so successful in removing freckles and giving a clear, beautiful complexion that it is sold by your druggist under an absolute guarantee to refund the money if it fails.

Don't hide your freckles under a veil; get an ounce of othine and remove them. Even the first few applications should show a wonderful improvement, some of the lighter freckles vanishing entirely.

Be sure to ask the druggist for the double strength othine; it is this that is sold on the money-back guarantee.

Stop That Leakage

Benjamin Franklin says, "Beware of little expense; a small leak will sink a ship."

If you will stop the all-dam-
gerous leakage in your house-
hold transactions (the nickels
and dimes that go for useless
luxuries) and start a savings
account with this bank, you'll
soon find your domestic ship on
the high sea of prosperity.

I only require a dollar to
get started in the right way—
and then by adding a small por-
tion of your salary each pay
day, you will be surprised at
the results.

BANK OF CHARLEROI
Charleroi, Pa.

WHY HE SOLD IT

By RUTH GRAHAM

"I hear," said Jones to Rogers, "that you have sold your automobile."

"I have."

Jones was surprised at the man giving up the auto sport, for he had been an enthusiastic automobilist.

"Had an upset?"

"No."

"Found it cost too much to keep the machine in repair. I reckon."

"Not that, either."

"Well, then," looking at a handsome collie that was evidently in Rogers' company, "you've set up a dog instead of a car as less expensive and more amusing."

"I sold my auto for \$600, and you couldn't buy the dog for \$6,000."

"Did you pay that for him?"

"No; I didn't pay anything."

"Come; what does it all mean?"

Rogers asked Jones into the house and told the story:

"My friends always supposed from the speed I put on while traveling through the country on good straight roads that I was perfectly fearless. It wasn't so at all. I realized the danger of fast traveling, but I enjoyed the sport so well that I was willing to take the risk. Fact is, danger always adds to the zest of sport. The very thought that I might burst a tire at any moment and swerve into a telegraph pole or a stone fence gave me a pleasurable thrill. Besides these was the danger of some drunken driver coming along with a wild yell and knocking me into the middle of next week."

"Well," interrupted Jones, "which was it that cured you of automobileing?"

"Who's telling this story—you or I?"

"You. Go on."

"Nothing broke in my machine and nobody ran into me. My auto was as good as ever except for several years' use, and I never had a split while I drove her. I don't know for certain, but I think if I had been tossed through the wind shield and shot a dozen yards forward without getting killed I would have been all the better for autoing."

"But I'm not getting on with my story. I was driving along one day at a forty mile gait when, looking ahead, I saw a place where the road ran through a narrow cut. It wasn't a turnpike by any means, but one of those country roads in which, when teams meet, one must pull up in the best place to let the other pass. The narrow bit I was telling you about was just wide enough to get through without scraping. On either side the ground sloped at an angle quite capable of overturning a car, no matter how slow it was moving. I craned my neck to see if any one was coming that I would meet in the cut. I didn't see an auto or a wagon, but I did see something that sent a cold chill through me—a little child toddling about right in between the two banks.

"It was near dark, and I didn't see what was in the way till I was almost on it. I gave a warning toot, but it didn't even attract the child's attention. It was so young that I couldn't tell whether it was a boy or a girl, but by its dress I concluded it was a girl. She was making a dirt heap in the road. As to age, she must have been between two or three years old.

"So much went through my mind in a few seconds that it seems there wasn't time for it all. I knew there must be a house near by or the child wouldn't have been there. I glanced to the right and the left and on the left saw a small cottage about 200 feet from the road. How I did long for some one to run from the house to get the child out of my way! But when I saw her there wasn't time for any one to go over half the distance. I looked at the right bank to see if it would be possible to run up over it without my machine turning turtle. There was no possibility of climbing it without going over on the child, if not on myself. The left bank was worse than the right.

"I've heard what an awful strain it is on a locomotive engineer to run down a human being, but had no conception of the horror of it till now. I put on my emergency brake, or tried to, but I was so rattled that I lost time in getting my foot on it. By the time I was pretty near the child I was going slow enough, but—great Scott!—what difference does it make how slow you're going when you run over a soft little bundle of flesh like that?"

"I had given up all hope when of a sudden I saw a yellow streak making from the house to the child. It was a dog, and I've never seen a train or an auto that seemed to get over the ground so quick. He made a bee line for the child, who was between the middle and the side of the road, fixed his teeth in her dress and yanked her toward the bank, getting her just on to it as I went by at the rate of about four miles an hour and stopped not twenty feet away.

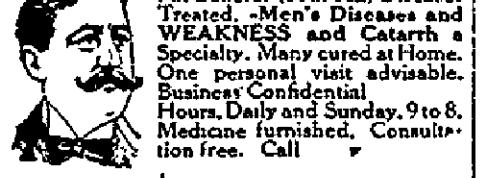
"The child's mother came out, and when she learned how near death the little thing had been she pretty near fainted.

"You'll never get me into an auto again. It's one thing to get tossed over a telegraph wire yourself, but when it comes to killing a little child I'm not in it."

"I don't blame you," said Jones, "but it usually requires killing some one rather than just missing it to give a man the horrors."

German American Doctors

German-American Doctors, 477 Don-
ner Avenue, Monessen.



All General (both sex) Diseases
of Men & Women, and
WEAKNESS
Specialty. Many cured at Home.
One personal visit advisable.
Business Confidential.
Hours, Daily and Sunday, 9 to 8.
Medicine furnished. Consultation
free. Call

German-American Doctors, 477 Don-
ner Avenue, Monessen.

READ THE MAIL

THE CHARLEROI MAIL

VOL. XIV. NO. 33

CHARLEROI, WASHINGTON CO., PA., FRIDAY, AUGUST 22, 1913

ONE CENT

RINGGOLDS TO MEET IN CHARLEROI NEXT YEAR

Veterans Decide in Favor of Magic City as Place for Gathering--Ninety-five Attend Monessen Reunion

EVENING CAMPFIRE IS A BIG FEATURE

Monessen will be the scene of next Battalion died during the year. They year's reunion of the Ringgold Battalion. This was decided at the business session of the battalion held in company by James N. Woodburn, of Company E and the following from Company officers were also elected. Monessen: D. A. W. Crouch, Richard Clew, entertained the veterans loyally at last, Jack Maxwell, C. S. Long, their fortieth annual meeting. A parade in the evening at 6 o'clock and a campfire immediately following were features.

Ninety-five survivors of the famous battalion, known officially as the twenty-second Pennsylvania Cavalry, were present for the reunion out of approximately 160 who are still living. Besides the Ringgold men there were 75 members of outside companies registered.

Fifty-four automobiles were used to convey the veterans over the principal streets of the town at the evening parade. The parade was led by Sons of Veterans from Monongahela and the Bille Vernon Rifles on foot. Automobiles were decorated with American flags and the route of parade was made conspicuous by decorations on houses.

Following the parade the campfire was held. H. Ballas McCabe made the address of welcome to the soldiers and it was responded to by Col. A. J. Greenfield, of Chicago, the only surviving regimental officer. Other addresses were made by Joseph A. Bryans of Monongahela, Rev. T. W. Young, of Washington, Harry R. Pore of Monessen, and Rev. M. M. Allbeck, of Monongahela. Resolutions were adopted thanking the Monessen people for their hospitality, and calling Monessen the "workshop" of the Monongahela valley.

In accord with the plans for holding the reunion in Charleroi next year a Charleroi man was elected president of the association. This was Samuel R. Crawford. Hopkins Moffitt, of East Pike Run was elected vice president, and Norman C. Brown of Charleroi was appointed secretary. Adam Wickerham was the retiring president of the association.

Eleven members of the Ringgold

CONSTABLE ON TRIAL CHARGED WITH ASSAULT

James Stevenson, constable of Rosscoe, was tried before Judge McIlvaine Thursday afternoon on a charge of assault and battery, preferred by Andy Digan. The prosecutor claimed that the officer made an unwarranted attack on him and beat him up with his mace. It appears that the prosecutor was standing on the corner on a street in Rosscoe, waiting for his wife who had gone into a fruit store to make a purchase. At the time Constable Stevenson came along and it is claimed shoved Digan off the walk. Digan resented what had been done and this started the trouble. The officer denied exceeding his authority.

PAVING IS ENTIRELY COMPLETED

Extensive paving work has been completed at North Charleroi by Contractor Thomas Arrig. All the paving he did was on Fourth street from the school building up to Conrad avenue, which is about 1,000 feet or a fifth of a mile. Hillside block was used. Fourth street, now presents a fine appearance. It is a beautiful residence street.

J. C. Sutherland of Washington, candidate for the Republican nomination for constable, was in Charleroi Thursday looking to the interests of his candidacy.

J. K. Tener, Pres. B. A. Walton, Vice Pres. R. H. Ross, Cashier.

Every Little Economy Rewarded

You will be surprised to see the good effect of saving, when you once acquire the habit of regular bank deposits. Every little economy is rewarded--thus enabling you to increase your surplus.

Your account is cordially invited

Upon Saturday Evenings from 5:30 until 9 o'clock
4 Per cent. Interest Paid on Savings Accounts
Depository for the State of Pennsylvania.



WELL KNOWN MEN ATTEND REUNION

Ringgold Gathering Featured by Presence of Distinguished Ones--One Medal of Honor is Exhibited by Veteran

Some well known men were in Monessen Thursday to attend the annual reunion of the Ringgold Battalion. Among them were Col. A. J. Greenfield, of Chicago, Ill., the only surviving regimental officer, Col. W. E. Congress of West Ohio, and Capt. R. Frank Hasson of West River, N. J. Col. Greenfield and Col. Griffith

when seen at the Fifth Avenue hotel in the evening were tired but willing to talk. Col. Greenfield, tall and grave, showed the effects of time on his physical makeup. They recurred below the left knee with sabers and rifle bayonets. Col. Griffith, in the arm and in the

present time Col. Griffith is the right-of-way agent of the B. & O. railroad with offices at Cincinnati.

Henry C. Slusher, Esq., of Washington displayed what was probably the only medal of honor at the reunion. It was awarded him for bravely at Moorefield. The medal bears the words: "Medal of honor, the Congress to Henry C. Slusher, Troop F, Ringgold Cavalry, for gallantry at Moorefield, W. Va., September 11, 1863."

Mr. Slusher attempted to save a wounded comrade at Moorefield. In doing so he was wounded six times. Also at the reunion was a man who was shot eleven times and still refused to die. This was Charles Beyne, of Washington.

LED A HORSE RECEIVED STOLEN ON SIDEWALK GOODSTHECHARGE

For This Horrible Crime Charleroi Man Sentenced to Monessen Constable Pays Fine and Undergo Fine of \$1 and Costs Sentence of Two Months

Constable A. J. Smith of Monessen paid a fine of \$1 and costs to Burgess George W. Riebeck Thursday evening for violating the borough or county courts before Judge Holt on a charge of receiving stolen goods. The story is told that when Constable Smith came to Charleroi Wednesday afternoon to secure a horse from the stable of Dr. D. E. Kimmell he made the mistake of leading it across the sidewalk at the side of the stable. Chief of Police C. W. Albright telephoned to the constable from Monessen to come over, and when he came, arrested him and took him before the Burgess. He

William L. Able, of Charleroi, also known as William Leroy, was convicted Thursday afternoon in the county courts before Judge Holt on a charge of receiving stolen goods. The goods alleged to have been received consisted of a quantity of copper wire taken from the mines of the Monongahela River Consolidated Coal and Coke company. Able was sentenced to pay the costs, fine of \$1 and to undergo imprisonment for two months.

Able has heretofore served three months in the workhouse on a conviction on a similar charge in Westmoreland county. Judge Holt, in passing sentence, advised the defendant, when he had served out his time, to keep his hands off other people's property. In passing sentence the court stated it would be taken into consideration the fact that Able had been in jail for two months.

The taking of the copper trolley wire used about mines is a constant source of trouble among coal companies and often the stolen wire is traced into the hands of some dealer in junk. In the defense to the charge disposed of in this county Able claimed that he had been convicted in Westmoreland county and had served three months for receiving the same stolen wire for which he was held for receiving by the Washington county court. A case against Able in Fayette county was not pressed. It was left to the jury to determine whether Able had been heretofore punished for the crime for which he was on trial, and the jury is evidently of the opinion that the wire in question was not the same as figured in the Westmoreland case.

Ringgolds Returning Home
A number of the members of the Ringgold Battalion were in Charleroi this morning on their way home from Monessen where they attended the annual reunion of the command.

Misses Margaret Stephens, Anna McClain, and Emma Tippins left today to spend a few days at Bentleyville camp.

Miss Mabel Gault, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Gault has returned from a visit at Atlantic City and other points.

Magazines for September Now on Sale

Ladies Home Journal, Ladies World, Womans Home Companion, Argosy, Pictorial Review, Delineator, Popular Mechanics, Metropolitan, Motion Picture, Everybodys, McClures, American, Philistine, Popular and Youngs.

MIGHTS BOOK STORE

THREE-CORNER FIGHT WILL BE BITTER ONE

Politicians in Washington County Watching Developments--Carothers Understood Not to be in Line for Chairmanship

LOOK TO THE MONONGAHELA VALLEY

Three-cornered and bitter the political fight in Washington county here along the Monongahela valley has been for years. Anxious to be presented. There is no one in sight from the valley, however, and the chairman will in all probability be a county seat man.

Joseph A. Herron, of Monongahela, and who has been a hard worker for local politics has circulated a petition that has been largely signed as a candidate for Republican state committee. He is popular and looks like a good man for the place.

Interesting developments are promised in the county controller's election when the final round comes the present controller, James H. Moffitt, will have to be reckoned with. T. J. Underwood, of California, is being put forth by the Republicans as a candidate. Former Sheriff John C. Murphy has declined to be a candidate for the place, so two safe bets for ballot places at the fall election are Underwood, Republican, and

Not very much has been said thus far about reefer, but J. C. Sutherland is connected with a Washington land and who is a Democrat will the valley Thursday looking up unknown all over the county will fighters. He is seeking the nomination with W. H. Estes, a former newspaper man, the Democratic nomination for controller. The outcome of a three-cornered fight with Underwood, Young, deputy recorder to Mr. Sutherland, and either of the two Democrats can hardly be guessed, though of the three probably Moffitt is the best known in the county.

Much interest centers in the choice of a Republican chairman for the fight will be shown when the ballots are printed. The county commissioners have not asked for bids on ballots yet, though there is but a short time remaining in which to get them printed. It is expected that arrangements will be made to receive bids on these good policy for him to serve another term of next week.

COLD STORAGE LAW IN EFFECT IN THE STATE

Housewives and consumers need fear no more the cold storage products which they purchase in Pennsylvania. The recently enacted cold storage law went into effect last Thursday, and State Dairy and Food Commissioner James Foust with his staff chemists and special agents is making the law felt in every direction.

The rectification of all storage evils is being effected, according to Commissioner Foust. From now on each package containing butter, eggs, fish, animal and poultry flesh, which has been in cold storage, must be plainly marked as such and must have the date of its entry into cold storage marked on the package. The system of marking extends from the article sold to the wholesaler by the storero to the package sold to the consumer by the retail dealer. An infraction of the law brings a fine and imprisonment.

The new law prohibits absolutely the storage of any but sound food. It limits the storage of beef to four months, pork, sheep and lamb six months; dressed fowl, drawn, 5 months; dressed fowl, undrawn, 10 months; eggs, 8 months; and butter and fish, nine months. The law requires temperature of 40 degrees or under.

DIAMONDS

The Diamond is the premier precious stone; it is unsurpassed for wear by both sexes. The diamond that is bought of us is always a perfectly cut stone and of splendid purity. Our present prices on the precious stones are low and the one who will buy today is certain to have an investment considerably enhanced in value as time goes by.

Write or call for a catalogue.

John B. Schaefer
Manufacturing Jeweler
515 Michigan Avenue

Both Phone

The Charleroi Mail

A Republican Newspaper

Published Daily Except Sunday by

MAIL PUBLISHING CO

(Incorporated)

Mail Building, Fifth Street
CHARLEROI, PA

R. C. Niver, Pres. & Managing Editor

Harry E. Price...Business Manager

A. W. Sharpnack...Secy. and Treas

Floyd Chalfant...City Editor

Entered in the Post Office at Char

leroi, Pa., as second class matter.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Three Months 75

One Year \$3.00

Six Months \$1.50

Subscriptions payable in advance

Delivered by carrier in Charleroi at six cents per week.

Communications of public interest and of a personal nature, evidence of good faith and not necessarily for publication, must invariably bear the author's signature.

TELEPHONES

Bell-76 Charleroi-76

Member of the Monongahela Valley

Press Association

ADVERTISING RATES

DISPLAY—Fifteen cents per inch, first insertion. Rates for large space contracts made known on application.

READING NOTICES—Such as business locals, notices of meetings, resolutions of respect, card of thanks etc., 5 cents per line.

LEGAL NOTICES—Legal, official, and similar advertising including that in settlement of estates, public sales, live stock, etc., notices, notices to teachers, 10 cents per line, first insertion, 5 cents a line each additional insertion.

LOCAL AGENCIES

G. S. Micht Charleroi

G. V. Hixenbaugh Belle Vernon

THE ART OF HAPPINESS

Writing in an issue of a recently published magazine Mrs. Havelock Ellis tells us in effect that the millennium is at hand. She discovers that "the poor, ignorant human who fancies that happiness consists in piling up gold or wasting it, is today enduring crucifixion of fear and insecurity."

"The trend of the age is against his short-sighted ideas of happiness," continues Mrs. Ellis. "As it is now almost a disgrace to be ill, it will soon be a disgrace to be rich or unhappy, because today the only truly happy folk are those who do not care about a happiness which implies only comfort, gain, rest or peace for themselves."

While it is undoubtedly true that these conditions will prevail when the world attains the perfection and beatitude which to mark the end of development, to see no indication that the halcyon day has arrived. Mrs. Ellis has perceived a fact clearly, but she has made no revelations. The same thought was emphasized by Christ and even by some of the pagans.

The True Source of Beauty

is, and must be, good health. Sallow skin and face blemishes are usually caused by the presence of impurities in the blood—impurities which also cause headache, backache, languor, nervousness and depression of spirits. If, at times, when there is need you will use

BEECHAM'S PILLS

you will find yourself better in every way. With purified blood, you will improve digestion, sleep more restfully and your nerves will be quieter. You will recover the charm of sparkling eyes, a spotless complexion, rosy lips and vivacious spirits. Good for all the family. Beecham's Pills especially

Help Women To Good Health

old everywhere. In boxes, No. 2a.

The largest sale of any medicine. The directions will never be given the way to good health.

philosophers who antedated him by hundreds of years. "The poor ignorant human who fancies that happiness consists in piling up gold or wasting it" has always endured "a crucifixion of fear and insecurity."

The head that wears the crown, either of authority or of fortune, has rested uneasily from the beginning of time.

And when Mrs. Ellis tells us that the trend of the age is against the pursuit of riches as a means of happiness, we wonder what has paralyzed her power of observation. Though we are all well aware, as we have been for many centuries, that money cannot bring happiness, we are thirsting for it today, working for it, grasping for it, fighting for it, defiling ourselves for it, piling and wasting it, we have never gone before in the

That it has been "a disgrace to be ill" is news to us of this era of fashionable recreations and surprised little specialists and if there are any indications that the comfort and luxury and show of fortune are to be eschewed in the future, Mrs. Ellis alone has discerned them.

Where is the woman who can be happy with one man whose neighbor has two? Who is the horsekeeper who is not straying over nests to keep up with Lizzie? Who is the man who does not smoke better cigars than he can afford because men who can afford to smoke better ones? Where is there a competition so continuous and so keen as the competition to "keep up appearances?"

Wealth and luxury are still numbered among our Laws and Penalties. We speak about them in a different way, perhaps, affecting to belittle them, even while we are panting in the chase, but it is only the deceit of the age. We have our Carnegies, who yearn to die poor, and don't, our Perkinses and our McCormicks, who weep for the wrongs of the poor, and wrong them more than others who do not weep, our soul-inflamed Coeys, who march at the head of ragged, separate armies, only to desert them for fashionable turns.

We have cant and hypocrisy on all sides and among all classes, but the pursuit of that happiness which is not happiness is as eager and as foolish as it was in the days of Miss

There are some things we know, but cannot attain. The beauty of perfect goodness is one of them. They merit of absolute indifference to gold is another.

EDITORIAL... MONUMENTS TO FREEDOM

Any time a reunion of soldiers is impressive, but it is most impressive when participated in by veterans such as gathered at Monessen during the week. It is impressive not to say pitiful and saddening to witness the gathering of the tottering but grim survivors of the awful struggle which meant freedom for a class of human beings whose only fault was in being of another color.

These old soldiers of ours are monuments to our national freedom. The bitterness that once existed between the north and south arising from differences over the question of slavery no longer exists, and the north and the south solidly united is unduly glad that it is so.

What the people of today can do for these veterans is perhaps not much, but they can at least show appreciation of their deeds and rever the memories of their departed. That is what Charleroi must prepare for in the coming reunion of the Ringgold Battalion a year hence.

Nautical terms are interesting and might be well used. Toward the ship's head is forward (pronounced for'ard). The opposite direction is aft.

Looking forward and to the right is starboard; to the left is port. The quarter from which the wind blows is windward; its opposite is to leeward (pronounced loo'ard).

A scuttle is a window on board ship;

a bed is a bunk; a kitchen range is a galley. This term is also applied to the captain's own boat. The forecastle (pronounced fo'c'sle) is any covered in place in the bows. A knot is a speed of one sea mile per hour, 6,080 feet. The ship wears a flag; that is the correct term. Passages are gangways.

Bollards are stout pillars round which run the hawsers—steel wire ropes. The bridge is sacred to the captain and officers.—London Tit-Bits.

PICKED UP IN PASSING

At the Rosedale harvest home picnic held last Saturday in Rosedale township relatives of C. R. Clegg, of Charleroi, several good stories were told, among them being one that originated with the famous San-Jones, evangelist. An evangelist was conducting services at a certain place in his discourse one evening he said:

"If there is a perfect man or a perfect woman here, let them stand." Nobody stood. Of course that met with the evangelist's idea of propriety, so he requested:

"If there is anyone here who ever saw a perfect man or a perfect woman, will they stand up?"

Slowly in the rear part of the room a woman with care-worn features arose. The evangelist was dumbfounded, but he managed to ask:

"Well, my good woman, you say you have seen a perfect person. Would you mind telling who it was?"

"I don't know as I mind tellin' ye. It was my husband's first wife."

An attorney was trying a woman, charged in juvenile court with neglecting her three children, subpoenaed several character witnesses, one of whom had a reputation for the care of her children was good.

A Russian, who has often been in court for neglecting his large family, was called as one of the witnesses. In answer to questions he told the court that he knew the defendant to be a woman of good character who cared for her children.

"Please state to the court," said the deputy prosecutor, in cross-examination, "just how many time you have been arrested and tried in the last year for neglecting your nine children."

"I don't know," was the answer. "Isn't it true that you are under suspended sentence to the workhouse 'till that charge now?"

"Yes sir."

You are waiting now to be tried for neglecting your own nine children and ignoring an order of this court? Your case is next, is it not?"

"Yes sir."

That is all," said the prosecutor. The woman was found guilty.

ELECTRIC SPARKS

Washington, in paying homage to Pitcher Johnson entirely forgets that it may have to pay more than homage to keep him.

By and by we may expect to find the world moving at so rapid a pace as to have the winter bargain sales begin in November.

The weather man must certainly be a persevering cuss. He just keeps on predicting rain until it comes.

The woman who learns how to keep a bank account has learned something worth more than sitting on the front porch reading the sixth best seller.

Ain't It Awful

There was a young woman named Jennie

Whose wordly worth totaled a penny;

She figgered a lot;

Dropped the cent in a slot;

And saw things as wicked as sinne

Considering the beautiful baths in Atlantic City hotels it is almost a pity that they built the ocean so close.

Suffering from loss of appetite to a boy is not nearly as serious a thing as suffering from politeness.

At least one good joke has been turned out this year, but the manufacturer has not secured his license yet.

A huge theft of gems is reported at Narragansett Pier. Thing of the good fortune of those who were unable to go.

Love is blind but the neighbor's aren't.

A brilliant future is too hard a thing to catch up with.

William H. Berry says politics were played when Gov. Tener cut

bill. But then William H. ran for governor once so is not personally responsible for anything he is feeling sore about.

Help Women To Good Health

Read the Mail

THE MAN IN DOUBT

By M. C. QUAD

Copyright, 1913, by Associated Literary Press

As I traveled a mountain road of West Virginia I came upon a squatter seated on a log in front of his pole cabin, and after we had given each other good day he asked:

"Bound fur the camp meetin' at Cedar Grove, stranger?"

"I hadn't heard there was one there," I replied.

"Yes, and it's a whopper. Powerful lot of prayin' and singin' over that."

"Aren't you interested in it?"

"I ar and I hain't. I sorter want to go, and then I sorter think I hadn't better. That's the way with the old woman too."

"You think there may be trouble there?"

"Oh, no."

"Too busy with your work?"

"No, stranger. The Lawd arter be at that camp meetin', hadn't he?"

"And he arter gin us a fair deal if the old woman and me went over?"

"Yes."

"But what I'm afraid of is that he won't."

I looked at him and wondered what he meant, and after a minute he went on:

"I ar to be home, and I'll tell you a lit of a story. It happened to me and the old woman bad t' be havin' chills and fever, shakin' like scared rabbits one day, and a b'lin' up the next, and I was almost too weak to lift an ax when a feller named Abe Brockford set out to humiliat me. He wasn't doin' any braggin' as long as I was able to be about, but when he heard how poorly I was he squared off in front of the cabin one night and shouted:

"Hello ther, inside! Am I makin' a mistake in supposin' this to be the residence of Bill Hope?"

"To arn't," says I as I crawl to the door in my weakness.

"Come out like a man and squar' off at me," says he.

"I told him I'd been freezin' and burrin' and couldn't fight a rabbit, but that only made him wuss."

"Bill Hope, if yo've got any mercy in yo'r heart come out yere and dance around while I pulverize yo'r bones!"

"It hurt me mighty bad to be talked to that way," said the old man, "but I was helpless about it. All I could do was to set the doah and fling my self on the bed and cuss and weep. The old woman kept his mouth goun' till I was purty nigh crazy. By and by I says to her:

"Do yo' reckon that if I prayed to the Lawd fur strength my prayer would be answered?"

"That's accordin'," she answers. "What do yo' want the strength fur?"

"To go out and smash Abe Brockford."

"Then yo' won't git it. The Lawd ain't mixin' up in such rows."

"But he might if yo' prayed too."

"But I shan't do it. When the critter out that gits tired of talkin' he'll go home."

"I lay quiet for half an hour, but Abe didn't go, and when the old woman sees how bad I was feelin' she says:

"Bill, I'm willin' to try a sort of experiment. It ain't right to bother the Lawd with our troubles, and prayers and fightin' don't go together, but under the circumstances I'll do what I kin."

"All of a sudden I began to feel stronger, and by the time the old woman had finished I told her that I was all right to go out an' drive Abe into the airth."

"Better not go," she says as she looks troubled.

"Because I'm not suah about it. I prayed hard 'nuff, but I never got the feelin' that yo' are gwine out to whop anybody. Sorter feels to me that yo'll git the worst of it."

"It was mighty cur'us about my gitin' strong," mused Bill, "and to day I can't make it out. Perhaps it was all own' to my madness. The old woman hung on fur me not to go, but I put her aside and rushed out. It was a darkish night, but I saw Abe standin' a few feet away and salled fur him. I was gwine to whop him blind in two minits, but I hadn't counted on startin' things. Fustly, the critter had got tired and gone home, and, secondly, a powerful big b'ar had taken his place. I knewed it as I grabbed his fur, but it was then too late. He jest hauled off with his right paw and fetched me a swat on the side of the head that put me out of it, and it was daylight befo' I come to and found myself on the bed."

"What's happened?" I asked of the old woman.

</div

